

CHRISTLIKE SYMPATHY

By GLENN H. WICHMAN.

The little fellow stood there alone, bravely battling with the elements; the fiercely blowing wind, the whirl of snow and frozen rain. She hesitated a moment and then leaning forward put her mouth to the speaking tube.

"Draw up at the left curb, Jarvis," she said.

The chauffeur with a surprised look obeyed and brought the big car up to the curb, opposite the lone little figure on the sidewalk. Quickly pulling her bonnet about her neck the girl alighted. The little child looked up and instinctively held out his cold blue hand. A shining quarter fell therein and the little fingers worked hard to close upon it. Almost sickened by the sight she turned as if to enter the car but suddenly faced about and leaning over, took the little fellow's face between her hands and kissed him on the lips. His face brightened and then a sad look came into his eyes and two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

The impatient driver threw the door shut with a bang and with a scream of the gears the big car went rolling down the wet street. In the rear seat the young lady was sitting, her snow white handkerchief playing its part valiantly about her streaming eyes.

A rather harsh voice pierced the silence. It came from a man sitting beside her.

"You women beat all," he said. "Every little brat on the street excites your sympathy."

She took her handkerchief from her eyes.

"Uncle Daniel," she said, "if I had my way I'd take him home."

"Start an orphan asylum for children who still have two parents. So?" he replied.

"You do poor folks, in general, an injustice, uncle," she retorted. "Remember there is no reason under the sun why you should not have been born that little miserable half-starved wretch back there on the corner and he you."

"The saints be praised, was Uncle Daniel's answer."

Presently they drew up before a big brown stone mansion and the two entered. Gay times there were that night within the four walls of that spacious home. Dancing and music and a dinner.

The old hall clock was just striking two as a girl in a black seal skin coat came slowly down the stairs. She stopped at the landing and peered over her shoulder and seeing no one through the semi-darkness went quickly tip toe back through the hall and into the rear part of the house. After a deal of feeling about she arrived at a door and softly knocked. Some one in the room noisily got out of bed, switched on the light and opened the door.

"Jarvis," she whispered, "turn the light out and don't say a word."

The chauffeur blinked his eyes and yawned.

He started and trembling reached for the button.

She was speaking again. His face fell.

"Jarvis, you must drive me down town this minute. You must."

Jarvis shook his head and went to close the door. Instantly she held out a crisp bill. The driver of automobiles was all smiles now.

Once out into the night she noticed that the weather had changed. It was colder and the stars were brightly shining. Everything wet had frozen. The car noisily glided through the lanes of dark houses and presently drew up and stopped at a street corner.

The girl in the seal skin jumped from the car before it had fairly stopped. Horror was written on every line of her face. There on the sidewalk, in the pale arc light, lay a little crumpled bundle of humanity. With a muffled shriek she ran to it, gathered it up in her arms and in a trice was inside her car.

"Jarvis! Home!" she cried and stripping off her coat wrapped it about the little frozen figure. As she brushed the hat from where it had fallen on his face the horror left her own. The little lad's unconscious lips were pursed for a kiss and two frozen little tears hung from two partially frozen eyelids.

The girl fell fast to chafing his hands and Jarvis, looking back, drove all the harder.

The sun rose like a great ball of gold out of the east. Presently its rays fell upon a wan little figure in a big comfortable looking bed. Beside the bed knelt a girl; holding in both her hands the smaller ones of a child. She gazed longingly into his face while the good old doctor on the other side of the bed looked on and smiled.

After a while the door opened and Uncle Daniel came in. He stood at the foot of the bed and looked at the sight before him and then a tear slowly crept into his eye.

Suddenly the good old doctor nodded his head, picked up his satchel and left the room.

"The saints be praised," was all Uncle Daniel could say.

Heard in a Store.

Mrs. A.—Eggs are such a price. Morry! When I see the card on the fresh once I have to hold my breath.

Mrs. B.—Well, if you bought the cheap ones you'd have to hold your nose.—Boston Evening Transcript.

FRIGHTFUL EFFECT OF WAR

What a General Embroiling of the European Powers Would Mean to the Nations Involved.

M. Jules Roche, former minister of commerce of France, has made some remarkable calculations as to the cost of an European war. Taking as a basis the expenses incurred by France during the war of 1870, he reckons that, assuming, for the sake of example, that the six nations of the triple alliance and the triple entente went to war, the cost of maintaining the armies alone would work out at no less than \$5,100,000,000 a month, without taking into account the other expenses. Continuing in the Gaulois, he says:

"And what would be their internal condition? The belligerent nations would be struck with general paralysis and would see their very means of subsistence disappear. Suspension of work would be forced even on those who were not included in the general mobilization, since whom would there be to work for? To whom would they sell their products? How could they be exchanged or transported? All the large works and factories, where the division of labor is completed, would have to be shut. Even agriculture would be impossible.

"No more purchases or sales; either the economic or the financial death of labor, an abrupt stoppage of the heart's action in the national organism of all the nations at war, with profound reaction on all others—such would be the consequences of a general conflagration in the present conditions of European civilization."

Similar views are expressed by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, one of the leading economists of France. He thinks, however, that France would suffer less than other great powers because, being self-supporting, she always has at her disposal an immense accumulation of agricultural products of the previous year on which to draw for a long period. German would have the greatest difficulty in obtaining imports, being cut off by the English fleets on the one hand and by Russia on the other.

TOUCH OF COUNTRY IN CITY

Squirrels in Indianapolis Accorded Freedom and Made Pets by All Classes of the Citizens.

In several parts of the city it is noted that there are more squirrels in evidence in the parks and about the lawns than ever before, and that they have little or no fear of any one, even boys having come to treat these interesting relics of the primeval forest with kindness and consideration. Many of these squirrels are lively young fellows, born last April, who in the early spring will set up housekeeping for themselves. These squirrels are Chickarees, which sounds much like the name of a tribe of red men. This variety is found from Maine to Minnesota, and through the middle west and as far south as Tennessee and Virginia. It is the hardest of the American squirrels and seems to enjoy the winter. It may be seen tunneling under the snow, shaking its fur clean when it emerges, as if coming from a bath. It is on the alert from dawn to sunset, and on moonlight nights such as we now have it may be seen having high fun disporting itself under the trees. It does not hibernate, and while it may have many enemies in the forest it has in the cities practically only one, the cat.—Indianapolis News.

Quotation in Dispute.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." As the expression occurs in Shakespeare (Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene 3) in a cynical speech, it means that all men are alike in that they "slight familiar merit and prefer trivial novelty." A leading Shakespearean commentator considers the passage in which the expression occurs "one of the most cynical utterances that ever came from Shakespeare's pen." This critic characterizes as "sentimental twaddle" the common understanding and usage of the expression as typical of universal brotherhood or sympathy. Others say that no matter what Ulysses meant by saying "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and even admitting that he used it in a sarcastic and cynical sense, we have a right to attach a new meaning to it, as is universally done by those who quote it.

Latest Fire Engine.

An interesting new type of automobile fire engine for Paris has just been decided upon by the municipal council. The machine will be of especially light construction, and will carry four men only, but will be fitted with a large tank containing four hundred liters of water. Thus as the engine arrives on the scene of a fire it can begin pumping water while the firemen are making in the necessary connection at the nearest main with a minimum waste of time. The new pattern is a vast improvement on the cumbersome automobile fire engines which the Paris brigade possesses at present, and which in the future will be used only as auxiliaries in exceptionally large fires.

Lightning Lengthens Man's Body. George D. Pittman, a ranchman, who was struck by lightning near Wilcox, Ariz., measured five feet eight inches in height before death and six feet afterward. His vertebrae was uncoupled by the shock.

Pittman's hair was singed at the back of his neck, where the bolt entered. His neck was broken and shoulders crushed.—Omaha Bee.

THEIR DAUGHTER LUCIA

By JESSICA CARBARY.

The man was hurrying to the subway, when a child's voice called: "Daddy! Daddy!"

He turned at the second call, but he was in haste, and had not time to heed the voice that was so like that of his baby.

All the way down town the voice kept ringing in his ears, and during the day he continued to hear it, so that at three o'clock he left the office and came uptown in the hope of seeing her again.

The Clarks had been divorced two years before and he hadn't seen Lucia, their baby, since, though he, as well as his wife, had worshiped her.

One afternoon about dusk he saw her on Riverside drive. She was in front of him; slowly he followed. She was with a maid. Presently they crossed the drive, and went into an apartment house. He watched them go in, then followed.

The hall was empty, save for the elevator boy.

"Does Mrs. Thomas Clark live here?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, sir," the boy answered. "That was her little girl, Miss Lucia, I just took up."

"Thank you." And he hurried out.

For three days he pondered the situation; he had agreed to leave the child entirely to his wife, but now after two years he longed for her as he had never thought he could for anything.

The next day he called, to be told that Miss Lucia was out.

The succeeding day he called a half hour later, to be told the same thing. As he had now no intention of giving up his quest, he continued to call each day at the same hour. On the tenth day Miss Lucia was at home.

He was shown into the library. Down on her stomach in front of the fire he found Lucia. The soft glow of the fire shone on the little figure, turning the yellow curls to gold. He watched her while she talked to a Teddy bear.

"I wonder, Teddy, why we don't find father? Mother's all right, but little girls need fathers."

The man with tears in his eyes was kneeling when she turned and saw him, and with a glad cry she came to him.

For several hours he held her tight, an exquisite joy thrilling him, and though the door opened and closed twice, he never noticed it. When he left he promised her to come again next day.

That night a very happy little girl asked her mother for a story about her father, but the mother, on the plea of being very tired, refused.

After the child had gone to bed Mrs. Clark sat for a long time trying to decide what to do regarding the father whom she never wanted her child to know. At last she decided that if she allowed Lucia to do as she desired perhaps the natural perverseness of human nature would assert itself, and Lucia would not care for him at all.

"Don't you love mother now?" she asked one day. And when he didn't reply, she put her little hand on his face to find the cheek wet. She didn't ask any more questions, only murmured: "Daddy, I love you."

She was quite heartbroken when he told her he must go away for a couple of weeks.

He was gone much longer than he expected to be, and it was the week before Christmas when he returned. He found Lucia in the same position as the first time.

"Baby, dear," he said as he lifted her up.

They sat quietly that Mrs. Clark, coming into the room, was halfway across before she observed them. As she turned to leave he looked up and their eyes met.

A convulsive clasp of the body made the child look at him.

"Father, when are you coming home for always?"

He started and laughed harshly; then he took the bright little face in his two hands, and looked at it intently.

"I don't know, baby girl," he said, sadly, "but whenever mother will let me."

She slipped to the floor and quietly left the room.

He hardly noticed that she had gone, her question had suggested so many possibilities. Clara had looked kindly at him.

"Father!" Two small arms were around his neck and a dear little face close to his. "My father dear!" the voice was very low, "mother says you may come home whenever you want to."

His Holiday.

Charley Sing, a Chinese gardener, peddles truck in Salt Lake City. One of his customers is a banker.

One morning Sing drove up to solicit orders for vegetables, and he found the banker working among the flowers in the yard. It was Decoration day and the bank was closed.

"You no work today?" inquired Sing.

"I should say not!" replied the banker. "This is a holiday."

"Me work all same," said Sing. "Me work all same every day 'cept Sunday afternoon."

"What do you do on Sunday afternoon, if you don't work?" inquired the banker.

"Me wash plenty shirt last all week!" was the Chinaman's reply.—Judge.

PAINTER WANTS NO FRIENDS

Great French Artist Lives Alone and Cares for Nothing but the Work He Loves.

Degas, who, by many, is held to be the greatest of French painters of today—his painting, "Les Danseuses a la Barre," has sold for 425,000 francs (\$67,000)—is a most singular man, an anchorite in art, living apart from all the world. "When a journalist is lucky enough to be admitted to his atelier in the Rue Victor-Masse," says Le Cri de Paris, "he will be met by Degas, seated, his white head leaning upon his hand. 'What do you want with me? Oh, to talk about painting. Oh, no, monsieur, those who paint, the real workers, never talk about it. Painting is a low-voiced prayer. Painting is talked about in omnibuses, or in salons, or among simpletons. You are not in the house of a simpleton, monsieur. Good day. I am very sorry.' He never shows his pictures. One sees them only at the dealers or at some great sale. He has only one friend, the great sculptor, Bartholome. He had two, but Henri Rouart is dead. He has but one adoration, Mousieu Ingres. He buys the least sketch of his pencil. He exorcises the republic. This painter, perhaps the greatest of the day, is not decorated. He tossed the cross in the face of the minister who offered it to him. Quite recently one of his relatives received the red ribbon. 'The blackguard!' cried Degas, 'never let him put foot in my house!'

MIGHT MAKE USE OF EELS

Some Suggestions Worthy of Consideration by Citizens of Towns Just Now Sorely Afflicted.

The towns of Red Hook, Tivoli and Madalin are having a plague of eels. They are all near Poughkeepsie, and are dependent upon a single lighting plant which has intake pipes run out into the Sawkill.

The screening of these intakes has not been so perfect as to keep the eels out. A large run of them indicates that the Sawkill eel, at least, has a passion for machinery, or a morbid disposition. It insists on getting into the pipes and then into the works. It goes in such numbers that it clogs the machinery, and then the plant has to be shut down. While eels are being picked out of intricate junctions, the people of Red Hook, Tivoli and Madalin have to get in the dark or light up their lamps.

Pending the perfection of screening for the intake pipes, and providing that the eels are not exterminated, a pickling plant might be introduced as a side line with the manufacture of light.

Again, if this scheme is not feasible or worthy, why not cross the Sawkill eel with the electric eel of the old world? Then, perhaps, Red Hook, Tivoli and Madalin would not be distressed.

Volcanic Dust in the Air.

From many points in America and Europe come reports of an unusual turbidity of the atmosphere, which began early last summer and still continues. This is manifested in a diminution of the intensity of solar radiation, a hazy appearance of the sky, and the presence of Bishop's ring around the sun. From Dublin Sir John Moore wrote last August: "The sky is constantly covered with a thin film of uniform cloud in which no halos develop, and through which the sun, moon and stars shine with a subdued, sickly brightness."

Observers in Russia, Switzerland, Sweden and Germany, as well as America, report an unusual lack of blueness in the sky. These phenomena are attributed to the presence in the upper atmosphere of an immense pall of dust arising from the explosive eruption of Katmai volcano, in Alaska, last June.

Similar effects were observed after the eruptions of Krakatoa and Mount Pele, and in those cases lasted for some years.

Breath of the Earth.

That the earth breathes is a fact familiar to the weatherwise. It is often to be verified by that peculiar earthy smell which arises immediately after a thunderstorm, the lowering of the barometric pressure causing the flow upward of the air, just as it is once more squeezed downward when the barometer rises. This phenomenon accounts for a natural barometer discovered at Ferney some years ago by Dr. Gerlier of Geneva. It is a deep cave, or well, with a very small opening. When this opening is made small enough just to fit a whistle the different sounds as the earth inhales or exhales the air warn people in the neighborhood of the coming weather. A lighted match or a feather shows the direction of the flow as well.

Why the Children Tell Fibs.

"Children tell lies because their parents tell lies," Prof. T. S. Lowden of Ohio State university declared in explaining "The Psychology of Memory and Imagination." "The ruling principle in the child," he asserted, "is to live. Deception has always been more or less at the foundation of life. Children, however, generally lie because they do not understand, rather than for the purpose of bold deception."

Professor Lowden said Santa Claus and fairy stories were necessary in the mental development of all persons. "But we can't live with Santa Claus forever, nor can we read fairy tales forever," he declared. "We must build our air castles, then construct the more material things in life."



Bronchiline

A safe, pleasant remedy for Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial Affections. It relieves congestion and soothes without containing anything in the nature of an opiate. Has been in use for more than twenty years, and in that time, has been used and endorsed by leading Physicians in all sections of the United States. BRONCHILINE is the ideal expectorant. We are not asking you to experiment with some new remedy. Call for BRONCHILINE and take no substitute. A trial will convince you that BRONCHILINE is the best. Keep a bottle in your home—two sizes 25 and 50 cents.

Ohio County Drug Co.
INCORPORATED
HARTFORD, CT.
MANUFACTURED BY
PETER NEAT-RICHARDSON CO.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

This is Your Chance to Cut the Cost by Acting Now

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN \$1.00 a year
FARM AND RANCH - \$1.00 a year
HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE - \$1.00 a year

ALL THREE A YEAR TO YOU FOR \$1.75

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN \$1.00 a year
FARM AND RANCH - \$1.00 a year

BOTH A YEAR TO YOU FOR \$1.50

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN \$1.00 a year
HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE - \$1.00 a year

BOTH A YEAR TO YOU FOR \$1.50

Having made a special arrangement with the publishers of FARM AND RANCH and HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE we will be glad to save you money on your subscriptions to the publications you ought to have. All three publications are well worth the regular subscription price and we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to offer them to you at this very low combination rate.

Send Your Order to
HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

An Epoch-making Administration

McKinley's administration covers the turning from the nineteenth into twentieth century. It covers the period when our country changed from a great successful agricultural and industrial republic into one upon which has been thrust the position and responsibilities of a great world power. You need not look further than the tabular statement of the revenues and expenditures from the year 1890 to the year 1910, when you will see the enormous expansion which came upon us with the Spanish War in 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, and within ten years we had become a billion-dollar country. From an army of twenty-five thousand men, with no coast defenses, we had gone to a permanent army of nearly one hundred thousand, with coast defenses, everywhere along our ocean border. From a very modest navy that had been started into a construction that finally led us to the second place among naval powers, in a moment of reaction we have fallen back to the fourth or fifth place. This change I hope may be temporary. But the figure which rises in the world as the personality to typify this change into a nation of world influence is William McKinley.

The attitude which he occupied and into which he led his party and his country was the object for years of the bitterest political attack both before and after his lamented death. This fierce questioning of his motives and those who followed him, this heated denunciation of the selfish spirit of exploitation, which was supposed to be underlying the purpose, had the effect of keeping the dominant party and those who controlled its course anxious to show in everything that was done the spirit which actuated McKinley in the initiation of the policy, and have brought about

the result that one of the prize pages in the history of the United States is that which covers the treatment of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines in the fourteen years since they came under our influence and control.—"McKinley's Place in History," William Howard Taft in National Magazine for March.

Uncle Ezra Says.

"It don't take more'n a gill ax effort to git folks into a peck of trouble" and a little neglect of constipation, biliousness, indigestion or other liver derangement will do the same. If ailing, take Dr. King's New Life Pills for quick results. Easy, safe, sure, and only 25 cents at All Drug-gists.



SOLITE OIL

the Lamp Oil that Saves Eyes

Nothing is more important in the home than clear, steady light. Insure this by getting the oil that burns clear and clean without a flicker down to the last drop. Pennsylvania crude oil refined to perfection. Costs no more than the kerosene kind—saves MONEY—saves WORK—saves eyes. Your dealer has SOLITE Oil in barrels direct from our works.

Chas. C. Stoll Oil Co.
Louisville, Ky.
Refinery at Warren, Pa.
We sell the celebrated "No Carb" Auto Oil.